

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

DEVOTED TO THE ENLARGEMENT AND PERFECTION OF HOME.

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WHAT THE PAPER IS AND WHAT IT IS NOT.

THE sub-heading under the title tells in as few words as possible what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is; but to see how the object proposed in that sub-heading permeates vast varieties of discussion and information on Communism, Coöperation and all connected themes, political and religious, the paper itself must be read. To show what the AMERICAN SOCIALIST is not, we quote a passage from a letter received from a Shaker of very high standing in his order—in fact, a member of the Ministry. After reading the paper a year, he says: "I see that some are misled, as I was a year ago, in supposing the AMERICAN SOCIALIST to be the organ of the Oneida Community. It seems to me now to be no more the organ of that body than though the O. C. had no existence. I have perused it with some care the past year, and find it, among all the Socialistic organs, without a peer."

A COMMUNISTIC PLAN OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The hard times crowd us all. Now and then an able-bodied man sends us a dollar and apologizes for not sending two by saying that he has been laying by that dollar, a few pennies at a time, for several weeks. On the other hand, our annual receipts do not thus far half pay for the bare cost of paper and printing, to say nothing of editorial labor. At the same time many of our subscribers are wealthy and sometimes send us more than the price of the paper. These circumstances have suggested the following plan for equalizing burdens all round: Let every person who can spare a dollar besides his regular subscription send it to us with the name of some poor person to whom he would have the SOCIALIST sent, and we will contribute the other dollar in every case and send a full volume. That is, we will contribute as much, in this way, as all others will send us. If the sender does not know a suitable poor person who would like to receive the paper, we will, when requested, suggest one of the many who apply to us and state his lack of means. This plan is exactly suited to the genius of Communism, which teaches those who have an abundance to help those who lack.

PUBLISHERS' CAVEAT.

THE AMERICAN SOCIALIST will in the future, as in the past, publish all well-written accounts of new Communistic and Coöperative Societies which may be offered in good faith; but it should be clearly understood that its conductors disclaim all responsibility for the character or success of such Societies. They consider that they perform their duty if they exclude schemes which are manifestly hair-brained or fraudulent and continue to set forth, as opportunity offers, the principles which seem to them to lie at the foundation of successful Socialism.

A similar disclaimer of responsibility for advertisements is also hereby notified to all readers. We shall print only such as seem to us honest; and all we mean by that act is that it will be safe to read them; but when you come to business with the advertisers, you must act on your own responsibility.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Communications for the AMERICAN SOCIALIST are invited from all friends of its purposes. Its editors, however, must be the judges of the fitness of articles sent; and they can not undertake to return manuscripts that do not suit them, unless the writers expressly request it and inclose postage money when the manuscripts are sent.

All correspondence should be addressed to

"The American Socialist, Oneida, N. Y."

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SOCIALISTIC NOTES.

Missouri has established a Labor Bureau.

A "Book of Sermons" by Elder H. L. Eades of the South Union (Ky.) Society of Shakers is announced. It is to be published by Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, N. Y., to whom orders may be sent, as also to the *Shaker Manifesto*, Shakers, New York. Price \$1.00. Elder Eades is regarded as one of the heavy guns of Shakerism.

The Philanthropic Convention, called by Joel A. H. Ellis and others, for the purpose of organizing a mutual employment company, assembled in Science Hall, New York City, on the 21st and 22d of May, and formed a Coöperative Company with a nominal capital of \$200,000, divided into shares of \$10 each.

Asa Parker, who from a house-carpenter became a judge, railroad king and fifteen-millionaire, deserves high commendation for the uses he made of his wealth. While living he founded and richly endowed the Lehigh University, making it one of the best institutions of the kind in the country, and entirely free. For this act his name will be remembered with that of Peabody and Cooper, and other public benefactors.

Edward Worsley, of Philadelphia, has sent to the *Coöperative News* an account of the death of the octogenarian, Joseph Smith, mentioned in a recent number of the AMERICAN SOCIALIST as the oldest living Coöperator. Mr. Worsley visited him a few weeks ago, and though he found him suffering very much "he grew quite energetic and enthusiastic on the subjects of Coöperation and Communities, especially the latter;" and when one of the Societies Mr. Worsley had recently visited was described to him it seemed as if he were "going to pick up his staff and go there at once."

New England factories working on full time; enforced idleness reduced to the lowest limit for half a dozen years; ten million feet more lumber cut in Maine than in 1878; Massachusetts mills turning out an unusual amount of goods; fifty per cent. more cotton goods exported thus far this year than for the same time last year; every manufactory in central New York running on full time; the Paterson mills of New Jersey never gave employment to so many hands; the outlook in many of the Southern States is bright; the West is feeling the effects of the splendid harvest of last year, and anticipating abundant crops for the coming season. This is the rosy view which the New York Times and the New York Sun take of the business prospects of the country.

Congressman Murch has introduced a bill to establish a National Bureau of Statistics. The duties of the bureau will be to investigate and at each stated session of Congress report upon wages and hours of labor, the division of joint production of labor and capital between laborer and employer, the social, educational and sanitary condition of the laborers, produced by the existing system of commerce, finance and currency; the number of laborers, and a classification of various grades, and all other subjects which affect the condition of the laboring classes. The bureau is authorized by the bill to examine witnesses anywhere within the United States, under like regulations as govern examinations made by the U. S. Circuit Courts. The measure was referred to the Committee on Education and Labor.

Minister Giles B. Avery discusses in the June No. of the *Shaker Manifesto* the question, "Are the Shakers Dying out?" He thinks a fear among conservatives of the success of Communism may have started the hue and cry about the Shakers dying out which is heard in many quarters. Mr. Avery frankly admits that it would be "useless to attempt to disguise the fact that, to substantially sustain the organizations of the Shaker families now instituted, more genuine ability and dignity of manhood and womanhood, more talent consecrated to the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, are especially necessary;" but he affirms, on the other hand, that "there never has been a period since the advent of Shakerism, as an institution, when the spread of its wing of power was so wide, nor the height of its soar so lofty, as at the present time!"

The Boston Transcript is responsible for the following story:

"A well-known business man in Boston wanted certain work done. It required special professional skill which but few ever attained. But he found a young man who possessed it in a high degree, who was greatly in need of work, and consented to work for very small pay. The employer chuckled. The young man went to work and worked on a definite plan. He put the very best skill he had into his

work. His employer's customers were delighted. They not only liked what he did, but they liked it so well that they would have no other. Again the employer chuckled. His business was growing in proportions and in profit. One day the young man asked for higher pay. His employer said he couldn't afford it. The young man knew that that was a lie, but he didn't say so. He kept on working, doing better and better. Again his employer chuckled, not alone over his gains, but over the fact that he had, as he thought, deceived the young man. His confidence in his own sagacity had a rude awakening one morning when he learned that his 'dupe' had set up in business for himself. The customers who liked his work would have no other. The employer has not been able to find any one who can just match it, at any price, and his business is steadily going down. It doesn't pay to be too shrewd. You may buy things for less than they are worth sometime, but the balance has got to be paid in the end."

The Sovereigns of Industry held their fifth annual National Council this year in Newark, N. J. From the address of its President, John Shedd, on the occasion, we take the following paragraph:

"Brethren, the condition of the Order is not by a long way what we had reason to hope it would have been in this the sixth year of its existence. It had its conception in the purest and most unselfish love for the masses of the people. Its aims were, no doubt, high; all honest aims are; yet at the same time practical and eminently just. It made no war on past acquisition of property. Its declaration of principles conflicted with no right of any human being, but firmly and clearly declared for equal and even-handed justice for all; the weak as well as the strong. It made no demand of duty not within the reach of performance by the average individual. The hopes of the friends of the Order were high and exultant, as the people by thousands rushed for admission into our councils; but from some cause (which it will be our duty to ascertain) many councils have got weary in well doing and abandoned the Order. Either the founders have made a mistake in the structure of the Order or in the method of prosecuting the work; or the parties who have left have mistaken their duty. The latter, I believe to be true. The Order has presumed on the intelligence of the masses of the working people, and appealed to them as such, and they did respond, and the Order increased rapidly, and they accepted our methods with a zeal that gave great promise. In the great haste which characterizes new converts to a great cause they sought results without considering the preliminaries. Coöperative stores were opened in great number all over the country without proper business estimates, and many of them failed and carried down the councils with them; and yet we have a greater number of coöperative establishments organized and in successful operation under the auspices of the Order than has ever been known in past history in the same time. The Order has, doubtless, done a great work. Our duty as representatives shall be to carefully consider the causes of failure and give such council that the errors of the past may be avoided."

WHAT IS, AND WHAT MIGHT BE.

XVI.

COMPETITION. (Continued.)

The system of competitive trade and industry has become so firmly fixed in the world that it is not probable it can ever be uprooted by any mere sentiment, such as a repugnance to the selfishness it engenders, or to the cruelties it perpetrates. It is surrounded and sustained by an elaborate code of laws which could not safely be abolished except by the substitution of some other well-studied system. The laws of contracts and the rules of trade, which have been laboriously built up during centuries past, are all adapted to the system of open competition. They present a mighty bulwark against any attacks on the system from without, but they may prove to be no protection whatever against the weaknesses lurking within the system itself. It is easy to show that there are defects in the system which will in time prove fatal to it. There are signs that it will be destroyed by its own excesses.

In the good old times of ox-freighting, pony expresses, and weekly or semi-weekly mails, certain bad features of competition which have since become apparent were not exhibited. Trade was then a comparatively steady, hum-drum, routine affair. The profits of the merchant and manufacturer were derived, for the most part, in legitimate ways. The wealthiest classes were not above giving careful personal attention to the details of their business. The introduction of labor-saving machinery, steam transportation, electric communication between all parts of the world, and the discovery of rich mines of gold and silver in our Pacific States and Australia, all of which are the developments of a few decades past, have so modified the old state of

things as to have practically revolutionized the conditions of trade and commerce. Competition has received a feverish stimulus. The mines of precious metals have vastly increased the general wealth, but the laws of competition have been steadily at work distributing the increase in a most unequal fashion. On the one hand, millionaires have become common; every large city has them. On the other hand, the army of paupers has increased; every town and village has them. Speculation, not many years ago considered a dishonorable calling, has now become highly respectable. Some of the wealthiest men of our time have made their fortunes solely by it. But it is of late years becoming so universal and assuming such gigantic proportions as to threaten the peace and safety of society. The millionaire speculators are not over-scrupulous as to the methods by which they add to their accumulations. When opportunities offer they do not hesitate to take millions more directly from the laboring classes.

For example, when the Southern rebellion broke out, in 1861, and Fort Sumpter was fired upon, one of the leading New York merchants had perspicacity enough to understand that a serious difficulty was upon the country, one which would inevitably suspend commerce between the North and the South for a time. He readily inferred from this that the supply of cotton in the Northern States must become so reduced that the price would decidedly advance. Being a man of almost unlimited means, he at once sent around agents to buy up all the cotton cloth they could get in New York and other large markets. He thus secured a great quantity which he stored away in warehouses. Of course this very operation helped to bring on the dearth of cotton which the war threatened. The price rose in rapid jumps, and the merchant sold out at a very handsome profit. Although the operation was, legally speaking, entirely right and proper under the present system, it bears a strong resemblance to downright robbery when looked at in the light of abstract right and justice. The merchant made the people, poor and rich alike, pay a double price for cotton cloth, not because it cost him more, but because he had the advantage and could compel it. This is not so very different from the principle on which the highwayman acts, except that the one is justified by a system of trade while the other is not. At the opening of the war another shrewd operator made his fortune by buying resin at one dollar a barrel and selling it afterwards, when it had become scarce, at forty dollars per barrel. In the same way a prominent California speculator, only a few months ago, made a "corner" in wheat in the Chicago market. Having carefully studied the demand and the possibilities of transportation, and finding that a large profit might be made by a bold stroke, he at once bought up several millions of bushels. The result was that those who had contracted to deliver wheat and those who needed it for legitimate trade could not procure it in sufficient quantities except of the crafty Californian. The price rose and the profit was secured. As in the other cases, it came out of the pockets of the consumers, rich and poor, without any equivalent rendered. Instances of this sort might be multiplied by the hundred were it necessary, but they are familiar to everyone and need not be enlarged upon. Speculation in stocks and bonds has become a regular business, for the accommodation of which palatial Stock Exchanges are erected in every large city. The fortunate and well-informed speculators make huge fortunes, while thousands who are tempted into it lose everything they possess. Speculation has all degrees of respectability, but it is obtaining a firmer and firmer hold on society. Once there would have been a great outcry against such operations as those mentioned above. Now they are considered smart business transactions, and nobody protests against them. It is reported that a prominent New York politician has made \$2,000,000 within a year by a lucky investment in the shares of the New York Elevated Railway. The report adds that he enjoys the excitement of such an operation! Presumably. By a similar investment another well-known citizen has made \$4,000,000. These are perfectly legitimate transactions, *under the system*, but they show how wildly the system makes distribution, and they threaten trouble in the future. It is not difficult to foresee that the effects on society of such a speculative tendency, with the possibility of the absorption of such vast sums by lucky adventurers, will eventually necessitate restrictions on the system. The grab-game will become too dangerous to be permitted. It will be too much like putting innumerable small fishes into an enclosed pond with several dozen full-grown sharks. I read the following item in a New York morning paper:

"Four hundred and ninety-four persons have committed

suicide in San Francisco during the last six years. Stock-gambling is said to be responsible for one-third of the entire number."

The introduction of labor-saving machinery is working changes in society which already demand modifications of the prevailing system. The machinery is rapidly displacing hand labor, and large numbers of people are thus thrown out of employment. A man with a span of horses and a patent mowing-machine now cuts as much grass in a day as could twelve men with scythes. One man with a reaping-machine will do as much in the harvest field as could eighty men with sickles fifty years ago. Two men with a horse power and improved machine can shell as much corn in a day as one hundred and fifty men can by hand. So with many other kinds of business. There is hardly a branch of human industry but that now has its labor-saving machines. They throw out women's labor as well as men's. The sewing machine, knitting machine, darning machine, power spinner and loom, relieve women of an immense burden of toil. These inventions ought to be unqualified blessings to all classes of people. Why are they not so? Because of the system of competition, which decrees an unequal distribution of the benefits and profits arising from the increased productiveness. The way it works is this:

Suppose a large shoe manufacturer employs one hundred men and women in making shoes. Everything is done by hand. Next week an ingenious inventor offers him machinery by the aid of which he can do as much business with only ten workmen. He buys the machinery and immediately discharges ninety of his hands. All the other manufacturers having also bought machinery, these ninety, with a similar quota from other shops, cannot get work at their trade. They lead a precarious life. Finding nothing to do, many of them become tramps, vagabonds, or criminals. They adopt a roving life and become a terror to society. This country is now infested by gangs of tramps. They are not all shoemakers out of work, by any means, but are of nearly every craft and calling. A great number are rustics who have been displaced by agricultural machinery. Legislatures are enacting strict laws against them. Connecticut has passed such laws. So have New York and other States. But where can the tramps go if they are driven from their present haunts? Only to new ones, to be afterwards expelled from them by similar laws.

The severity of competition is also threatening the peace of society by reason of the frequent quarrels between employers and employed, ending in strikes and lock-outs. Those laborers whom improved machinery has not displaced are forced to submit to successive reductions of wages, until they have barely enough to live upon. The masters are forced to reduce wages, in order to reduce the cost of the product and compete in the market. They have frequently no alternative except to quit business. Strikes are becoming so common and include such numbers of workmen that they are a real danger to society, threatening labor wars.

These difficulties springing out of competition have been growing rapidly of late, and they are likely to increase as years roll on. Population goes on increasing, and inventors are constantly adding new machines which displace hand labor. Under the present system there will, therefore, inevitably be an ever-increasing army of tramps and idlers who will claim the right to exist somewhere. They will become so numerous that the policy of imprisoning them at hard labor will by no means fit the case. If they are treated in that way they will take on more and more the character of outlaws or brigands.

There will have to be some better solution to the problem. The frequency of large strikes and of extravagant speculations can only increase in the present course of things. The rich are acquiring more and more land, setting aside large tracts for deer parks and other pleasure-reservations. If this goes on the poor will in time be forced to become trespassers from lack of soil of their own to stand upon.

The fact is, the world is already face to face with the question, *How long can this system of unrestricted competition be endured?* The difficulties I have mentioned are signs that its end approaches. Civilization is nearing a point where it will not permit the devouring of one class by another. The same sentiment which has forbidden the use of explosive bullets in battle will one day forbid the gigantic speculations which now work such ruin to thousands. It will also insist that every man and woman shall have a chance to earn an honest maintenance. The present unequal distribution of wealth cannot always continue, because it threatens

the very existence of large classes of people. But whence will come the remedy? When competition is abandoned what will take its place? F. W. S.

(To be Continued.)

PENNSYLVANIA'S DUNKERS.

THE QUEER HABITS AND QUEER DRESS OF A VERY QUEER PEOPLE.

A Community in which there are no Lawsuits--Brethren Setting Each Other Up in Business--Tramps Clothed, Fed and Lodged--Their Very Queer Religious Services.

[From the New York Sun.]

On any Saturday a visitor to the larger towns in Mifflin, Snyder, or Huntington counties, in the interior of Pennsylvania, meets strangely dressed parties of men and women. While the writer was wandering aimlessly along the ragged main street of Lewistown, in Mifflin County, a few days ago, there suddenly appeared ahead of him two gaunt, tall men, in homespun of a peculiar color, their fine brown hair, half waving and half in curls, reaching below their shoulders from beneath great felt hats, like those that the priests of Mexico and certain parts of Spain wear, but with the brims at liberty instead of being caught up to the crowns. Suddenly they stopped, shook hands solemnly, kissed each other with a resounding smack, and went separate ways. Before an explanation could be sought, a beautiful and fleet-footed horse trotted down the street before a light wagon, containing two men of even stranger mien. These also kissed each other, when one alighted from the vehicle. They were round and ruddy-faced, and possessed of double chins and twinkling black eyes. Their garments were as peculiar as those of the gaunt and solemn pedestrians. Both wore hats alike, except that the jolly-looking fat men had broader brims and lower crowns to theirs. Coats like theirs are seen only in pictures of Russian every-day life. They began with a close, military sort of collar, and depended almost to the ground, having for the first half a tight-fitting bodice, and for the termination a long frock like a feminine skirt. Not a button held these garments in place; instead, hooks and eyes were used.

The lean and hungry osculators were "Dunkers," and the heavier pair were "Omish." The visitor next day drove over to the nearest Dunker settlement in time to see the quaint people in their homes, but too late for church.

Maitland, the Dunker settlement, lies just off the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line, deep down among the iron-freighted hills that wall apart the Juniata and the fertile Kishacoquillis valleys. The little hamlet looks unreal—at any rate un-American—it is so scrupulously white and neat, and seems to possess so many open houses and so few locked doors. A cider-mill, a saw-mill, and another large building stood open, although the road was close at hand, and anyone might easily walk off with its mercantile and manufacturing interests.

The door of the Dunker church stood open, and one of the six ministers of the parish invited his guest to enter. From him, from observation, and from interviews with others, the following information was obtained:

The Dunkers will not take an oath, and are not allowed to hold office, although where they comprise nearly all of the population of a settlement they perform agreeable duties like those of an overseer of the poor. One of the preachers naively suggested that the government did not miss the Dunkers from its council fires, as Americans have not all got similar compunctions against officeholding. They do not fight nor engage in war. They do not sue nor appeal to the courts for any sort of legal settlements that can be arranged by the church. If one brother owes another and cannot pay, all the brethren sustain equal shares of the debt and wipe it out. If a brother does not pay, but can do so, first one, then three, then all the brethren labor with him, and if he is still stubborn they cast him out of the church. This seldom fails to bring the sinner to his senses. The same course is pursued when a Dunker offends in any other way; but such cases are very rare. If a brother fails, or desires to start in business, all the brethren club together and set him on his feet. They do this three times. If he does not then succeed they consider him no longer worthy of help, and he has to look out for himself. They are severe upon liars and dishonest persons, and profess to have hardly any in their ranks. Their condemnation falls upon outsiders also, in this respect, and the tradesman who cheats one Dunker is shunned by all forever afterward. They are kind-hearted and hospitable, and are cheerfully obedient to the law that compels them to lodge and feed and clothe whoever calls upon them for assistance.

"But tramps are pretty plenty here. What do you do with them?" the visitor asked of a Dunker.

"We take 'em in," said he; "but we get fearfully imposed on. Day before yesterday a tramp called just as we were at supper. I gave him a place at the table. I could have sent him to the county-house for his lodging, but I didn't like to, and he didn't stir; so I gave him a bed and his breakfast in the morning. Soon afterward an impudent, half-tipsy tramp came along. He had been sent, as many are, to enjoy our hospitality. He wanted me to point out a 'Dunker' to him. I might have sent him to a neighbor, but that would not have been right; so I told him I was one. 'Then trot out a pair of boots,' said the tramp, and he showed me that his left boot was absolutely worthless. His right boot was sound. I happened to have a good left boot, and so I gave it to him. It was of more good to him than to me."

"You do not fight, but you are strong, and human; suppose some one struck you—"

"I cannot say what I would do," answered the Dunker, "that has never occurred."

"You do not sue to recover money; suppose some one

owed you and laughed at you, taunting you with your peaceful disposition, and refused to pay you—"

"I fear I should be obliged to sue in such a case," the Dunker gravely replied.

"You do not wear gold, I am told; but how about a gold watch, or are watches forbidden?"

"No—watches are necessary, and as a Dunker usually buys the best of what he uses, I suppose if a gold watch was believed to be better than a silver one it would be unhesitatingly purchased. I wear a silver watch." The preacher exhibited it. It had no guard nor chain.

Dunker services are interesting. The church edifice is invariably a simple, barnlike structure, white, with drab shutters without, and fitted with plain pine benches and kerosene lamps within. The professors or believers occupy the middle benches; outsiders are seated at the sides, where the benches face the center and are raised one row above the other, as in a theatre. There is no pulpit. The preacher is a farmer, and draws no salary. He is chosen for his piety, eloquence, and intelligence, from among his brethren, and, as there are many at each central church, one remains each Sunday while the others are sent about the country to what other worshippers would call "missions." The church pays the expenses of these preachers while they are at work. The Dunker men are all seated together on one side of the edifice, the women are together opposite. The men are uncovered, because St. Paul said men should be while at worship. The women wear linen caps because of the same authoritative suggestion. The men wear their hair long and parted in the middle, because the Savior is so represented. For the same reason their beards are never shaved. They wear short frock-coats, rounded at the corners, because the original emigrants to this country wore a similarly shaped garment, and it is not fashionable to pay any attention to fashions. The women wear plain, tight-fitting dresses, and cover the fronts thereof with white aprons. They are nearly all pretty.

"Our most serious trouble," said a preacher, "was over the admission of hoops; but while we argued with the women about them they went out of fashion and were no longer desired. The women had declared them to be necessary, but this proved them to be mere vain ornaments. You see, we adopt whatever we believe is useful, as we adopted buttons when they were invented, although the 'Omish' have not done so yet."

A Dunker Sunday service is like a Methodist observance, except on communion Sundays; then the form observed is truly novel. After preaching, prayers and song, two deacons gird themselves with towels, as the Savior once did, and two others carry large tin basins of water. Four women on the other side of the house act similarly. In groups of half a dozen the brethren and sisters advance to the front bench, divest their feet of shoes and stockings, and those members are washed and dried by the basin and towel bearers. The feet are clothed again, the six men and women retire, and another group comes forward and receives the same treatment. With the washing and drying of all the feet the ceremony ends. Then brethren and sisters assigned to the service descend to the basement and prepare (by the help of a well-filled larder and a roaring log-fire) great basins of beef soup and platters of boiled beef and sliced bread, and bring these edibles up into the church, where the backs of some of the seats have already been unbolted and laid upon the backs of other benches, so that a number of long tables have been formed. Cloths are laid, the bowls and plates of soup and beef and bread are distributed, and love feast is begun. None but Dunkers are permitted to take part in this devotion; for they are very strict close communionists. The sacrament proper (the drinking of wine and the breaking of bread) terminates the feast. At the close of the services the preacher kisses the nearest brother, the brother kisses the one nearest him, and so they "pass it around," in profane parlance, until the last and furthest brother has received the salutation, when he completes the ceremony and the circle by advancing and kissing the preacher. Then a woman kisses another sister, and the operation is repeated on the other side of the house. In the evening a meal is spread in the basement for all who stay and for all who choose to come, and for those who wish to stay all night. Dunker or not, beds are prepared and breakfast is furnished in the morning.

The Dunkers baptize by immersion, dipping the convert three times forward, instead of three times backward, as the Baptists do. The Dunkers are very numerous, and starting from Philadelphia, where they have a large church, have journeyed westward into nearly every Western and Southwestern State and Territory. They are most numerous in central Pennsylvania.

THE TRUTH IN CRITICISM.

Persons must entirely exclude the idea that they have no right to criticise an evil they see in others unless they are free from it themselves. They must assume that their hearts are intent on perfection, for freedom from all faults; and then if they have faults that trouble them criticise them both in themselves and in others. When character is up, and criticism of a fault invited, there should be no holding back from consciousness of having the same infirmity. Admit that you have, that is no reason why you should not speak the truth. Then reciprocally, you must not throw off criticism because the person who criticises you may be faulty in the same particular. If an evil is in you, no matter how many others have the same evil; you have got to find salvation from it, and you should avail yourself of all the

truth that can be said about it. Let there be no answering again—no saying, "That is as applicable to some one else as to me, and therefore I will not receive it." Look simply at the evil under criticism, and let every one strike at it with the truth.

That is the way to fight your way out of difficulty; have no personal feelings, but submit to the influence of the Spirit of Truth. If we are troubled with any particular infirmity we should stimulate ourselves to sharp criticism of it wherever we find it. Do not admit for a moment that it is hypocrisy to criticise others for faults you have yourself. It is not hypocrisy. The truth is not at all dependent on our personal position in reference to it. We must assume that we are on the side of truth, and love it, and give it all the facilities we can.

THEOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY.

IV.

Will Theology and Sociology ultimate in Christian Communism and the regeneration of society? Christ emphasized his theology by going among the poor, healing the sick, giving sight to the blind, causing the lame to walk, and restoring life to the dead. Casting devils out of the bodies of men was an important part of his work. The epistles of the apostle Paul are brimming over with the Communistic idea that Christ's gospel included the redemption of the body with all its functions. It follows, logically, that as society is made up of the commingling of persons, and the play and exercise of social feelings and passions, a school for their development, education and emancipation from the barbarism of sordid selfishness must form a part of the plan of human redemption. Our churches do not supply the kind of home-schools thus required to regenerate human appetites, passions and faculties. To truly know men we must live with them, be partners not only in secular affairs but in social, moral and spiritual matters. Indeed, be brothers and sisters in the apostolic sense, possessing all interests in common.

Quite apropos to the subject in hand, our attention has been called to a newspaper paragraph stating that Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, whose success in converting souls has been so remarkable, has become discouraged in his work because the greater part of his converts so soon need re-conversion. No suitable organizations exist for their care and discipline, where they can find daily sympathy, encouragement and strength in living the new life of love they have chosen. Mr. Moody therefore intends, it is said, to fall into line with the churches and work in connection with them. This is doubtless the best course now open to him; but how much more complete might be his success if he could transfer his disciples at once to societies founded in Christian Communism—where every ordinance was designed for promoting a life of brotherhood and unselfishness.

Communism, instead of locking up vast sums in gorgeous temples of brick and stone that can give neither shelter, food nor clothing to the poor and needy, would use the funds of the people in purchasing land, building commodious dwellings, answering the combined purpose of home, school, church and domestic industries; thus providing for all the legitimate needs of body and soul.

The regeneration of society is, of course, based upon the regeneration of individuals, and the regeneration of individuals is the result of coöperation, first, with the good powers above, and second, with those of like faith here below.

Then, again, there are evils that are too strong for the individual standing alone, with all the aid he can command, which are easily conquered by a number of persons with a unitary purpose. Take, for example, the habit of tobacco-using. How few of the many who revolt at tobacco bondage ever conquer the tyrant and gain their freedom! But in Communism this victory is achieved with comparative ease, and the appetite for the seducing narcotic taken away forever! And such victories—the result of a good contagion flowing through the hearts of a united Community—are a foretaste and pledge of the complete regeneration of society which will result when Theology and Sociology are thoroughly united in Christian Communism.

G. C.

THE JEWS IN PALESTINE.

The following is a translation of some interesting details from a French newspaper:

"Judging by reports which appear tolerably well confirmed, the Jews are little by little retaking possession of their ancient patrimony. Eighty years ago the Sublime Porte permitted residence in the holy city to only three hundred Israelites. Forty years ago this number

was raised, but the Jews were obliged to reside in a special quarter of the city which bore their names. This last restriction, however, disappeared in its turn ten years ago, and since then the Jews have bought up all the land in Jerusalem that could be bought, and have even built entire streets of houses outside the walls. Naturally, the increase of the population has been followed by substantial progress. Synagogues and Jewish hospitals have multiplied. The German Jews have no less than sixteen charity associations, and in the interior of the city one may count already twenty-eight 'congregations religieuses.' Two journals have been started. In the Rothschild and other Jewish hospitals six thousand patients are administered to annually. A Venetian Jew has given sixty thousand francs to found a school of agriculture in Palestine. Baron Rothschild, at the time of the last loan of two hundred million made to Turkey, accepted as security a mortgage on the whole of Palestine. Owing to the Jewish immigration, the population of Palestine has doubled during the last ten years. In 1875 there were thirteen thousand Jews in Jerusalem only. The value of the land at the gates of the city has increased more than tenfold; building and constructive work of all kinds is carried on night and day, and it is to be remarked that the immigrants, who, to a large extent are from Russia, are animated by religious enthusiasm of a very pronounced type. Given the industrial enterprise and activity of the Jews, one may predict the resurrection, at no distant period, of this once so flourishing province."

PENTECOST.

[From the New York Tribune.]

Our clergymen need not be in any doubt of a subject to-morrow. It has been the day on which for eighteen centuries many Christians have celebrated the anniversary of one of the most incredible events told us in the Bible; and even those church-going people who do not keep these Christian fasts and feasts would do well to look into the matter a little.

We, practical New Yorkers, are asked to believe that once, centuries ago, on a spring day, a body of ordinary men just such as we meet in our daily business—tax-gatherers, fishermen and inn-keepers—being assembled in an upper room, the little house was suddenly shaken as by a mighty rushing wind, and these men, who until then had been uncultured and commonplace, with no genius or special gift of mind or body, were instantly filled with the Divine Spirit and became to a degree as gods, inspired to speak the highest truths to every man in his native tongue.

Now the question which comes into every man's mind when he hears this story is, Why is not this thing done now? The world surely needs the truth just as much as then. There is as much drunkenness, and fraud, and unchastity in New York this morning as in Jerusalem under Pilate. The men and women in Broadway are no whit different in nature from those who crowded up to the great Oriental mart. Their God was really our God. Why does not the rushing wind come to us, and the tongues of fire?

Our clergymen could make good use of to-morrow in considering this question. We suggest this in all earnestness, and it is entirely within our province to suggest it. A secular newspaper is not the index to the popular mind; it is simply a mass of facts—a record of the stock market, of the hunting down of Nihilists, of police reports and party policy. But under all these flow the great currents of right and wrong, up to civilization or down to brutality—that is the meaning of it all. Every small item of daily news hints at the progress of a man or a nation toward God or away from Him. That is the gist of the whole thing, and we all know it, though only the preachers talk of it. We venture, therefore, to urge our readers to look at the questions to-morrow which this story of the Pentecost suggests, in a plain practical way, and in the light of these daily happenings. Is there no power at work now, influencing men and nations, which is neither intellect, nor reason, nor emotional passion? Is there no such thing to-day as a supernatural force, like a mighty rushing wind blowing through great masses of people, or the mind, perhaps, of our commonplace neighbors, changing instantly and without rational cause their motives, lifting them suddenly to new planes of thought and action? Did we never know anybody on whom this tongue of fire had rested; who spoke the absolute truth to us—truth that had nothing to do with expediency or money-making, or getting on in the world? It might be a great orator, or a black laborer, or a patient, obscure woman; it spoke in their lives and actions much oftener than in words; we called it as it happened, honesty or charity or reli-

gion. But we knew in our hearts that it was the immortal fire, and that God himself gave it to them; and we knew just as certainly that it was something which would outlast money and business, and everything else in the world, and was worth them all. If our readers carefully think over these things to-morrow, they will, we are sure, be able to give to the old story of the Pentecost a modern meaning, and will read, too, the daily record which we shall bring to them on Monday morning from a clearer and higher point of view.

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1879.

It is seldom that one finds on the editorial page of a daily journal, especially one mainly devoted to the discussion of political questions, an article like that entitled "Pentecost," which we elsewhere copy from the New York *Tribune*. It makes no mention of the wonderful exhibition of unselfish, Communistic life that immediately resulted from the presence of the Holy Spirit among believers on that memorable occasion; but still its suggestions are very practical, and generally carried out might do much to reproduce the Pentecostal scene in this nineteenth century.

AN OPTIMIST VIEW.

There is one view of "hard times" that it is well to study, though it should not be allowed to exclude those elements of human sympathy that give rise to direct efforts to relieve the distress the "hard times" occasion. It is the view that looks to final results, and sees that great good is often born of circumstances that were apparently evil.

A manufacturer finds that his wares are undersold in market, and immediately devises improved methods and machinery; this necessitates similar improvements on the part of his neighbor. Thus hand-labor is displaced by machinery, and thus the markets are overstocked and large numbers of people are thrown out of employment.

These results—excess of production and enforced idleness—are in themselves undesirable, and often lead to great suffering; but they also lead to other results that are desirable, namely, the opening of new markets and the direction of labor into other fields less fully occupied.

Again, "hard times" are sure to cause a reduction of wages, and this reduction may go so far as to necessitate new forms of living or at least new methods of labor and new ways of spending the money earned by labor. Hence, coöperative workshops, coöperative stores, and other means of giving to labor a better reward; and thus the apparent evil becomes a positive good.

The same causes, operating on the large scale, throwing thousands out of employment, compel migration from populous districts to those sparsely settled, and lead to colonization of new countries and the upbuilding of new nations; and thus again the immediate distress ultimates in great good.

Thus, too, political and religious oppression—enormous evils as they are—are to be credited, as in the case of our forefathers, with the founding of States and Empires.

This view is not one which should make us desire that evil times may come upon us, but it discloses the great principle which is ever at work urging society on to its full conquest of the forces of nature, and plainly cannot stop till the highest forms of civilization cover all the waste places of the earth.

The *dénouement* we all seek—call it the reign of peace, of harmony, or the Kingdom of Heaven, or whatever best expresses your ideal—is to come as the resultant of forces that act by both compulsion and attraction. We are to be crowded as well as attracted into the "good time coming." There are great coërcive elements at work, corresponding to those physical elements which have been modifying our earth-globe since time began, impelling mankind onward in the path of civilization. Man supplements these great modifying forces by his own labors in both spheres, and seems to accomplish much; but really his operations are of minor importance. In the case of the earth we account for all the changes which have taken place in its

form and structure by agencies still at work all around us. In the case of man and society it is demonstrated that agencies impelling progress and development have been alike active since man came upon the earth. These agencies will continue operative. There is an irresistible drift toward a higher development. If men are wise they will recognize it and coöperate with it; if they are not wise they will resist it and put obstructions in its path, only to see them swept away or crushed.

It matters not whether we can fully describe these impelling agencies; it may suffice us for the present to know that they are ever-living, ever-acting forces.

The same should be true of the agencies that work by attraction. We may not handle them as material substances; but we feel their power as we feel the power of light, heat and electricity; we know that they fill our minds with bright ideals of life, love and harmony; that they kindle in our hearts aspirations for the beautiful and the true, and make any labor a delight and joy that brings nearer the realization of our visions of an unselfish life.

These forces—both compulsory and attracting—are at work on the universal scale. All mankind are subject to them—pushed and pulled by them onward and upward. Socialists, in their efforts to bring on the era of universal brotherhood, are coöperating, and for the most part but feebly, with the great forces of progress; they may succeed or they may fail, the end is the same for humanity. Happy are they who realize in the smallest way their aspirations for a life of unselfishness and love; and happy also are they whose labors hasten in the smallest degree the "dawn of the glad day so long foretold."

JOHN STUART MILL ON SOCIALISM.

The American Book Exchange has reprinted in pamphlet form, from the *Fortnightly Review*, John Stuart Mill's posthumous papers on Socialism. They are written in that terse and condensed style, of which Mr. Mill was a master, and contain a large amount of thought in a comparatively small compass—presenting both sides of the question, but on the whole not inclining overmuch toward Socialism itself. From a politico-economical point of view, and in a wholly materialistic spirit, the author inclines to think that it is best, on the whole, to let society go on and improve itself in its own way, rather than to try and reform it by such radical changes as the adoption of a Communistic or even Socialistic régime.

If we leave out of account the action of spiritual agencies in the matter, we don't know as we should care to differ greatly with Mr. Mill. Our hope for the future of society is not based so much on the expectation of inducing people to see that their economic and industrial interests will be improved by a closer form of organization, as on the supposition that better spiritual conditions and greater improvement in individual character will be the result. Mr. Mill does not take into consideration this phase of the subject, and it is difficult for us to discuss the matter without it. If we take the realistic view of the question that is taken by Mr. Mill, we must own that many of his objections to Socialism are well-founded; but if we acknowledge the constant operation of forces superior to the human will, we are at liberty to assert at once, that the difficulties which he encounters are not insuperable.

To illustrate our meaning more fully we quote a paragraph in which the author presents some of his objections to Communism:

"The verdict of experience, in the imperfect degree of moral cultivation which mankind has yet reached, is that the motive of conscience, and that of credit and reputation, save when they are of some strength, are, in the majority of cases, much stronger as restraining than as impelling forces—are more to be depended on for preventing wrong than for calling forth the fullest energies in the pursuit of ordinary occupations. In the case of most men the only inducement which has been found sufficiently constant and unflagging to overcome the ever-present influence of indolence and love of ease, and induce men to apply themselves unrelaxingly to work for the most part in itself dull and unexciting, is the prospect of bettering their own economic condition, and that of their family; and the closer the connection of every increase of exertion with a corresponding increase of its fruits, the more powerful is this motive."

That is to say, that the only stimulus which is really capable of inciting men to a continuity of productive effort is a purely selfish one. Admitting the premises, Mr. Mill's conclusion is almost impregnable, that men,

in order to be made industrious and energetic, must be goaded by want or stimulated by self-interest. Our hope for the future of Communism, however, rests on our belief that there is in the universe a power that can be made operative in such a way as to induce men to live, and labor, and love, from other than selfish motives, and that instead of being exceptional, such a line of conduct may become as much the prevailing habit of society as it is now the practice of each individual to look out for himself, and to seek only such things as will inure most to his individual advantage.

It is hardly fair, however, to criticise Mr. Mill from a point of view which some of our readers will no doubt consider transcendental; for he makes no pretensions aside from the discussion of facts as they actually exist, and sees little prospect of the improvement of mankind, except by the slow process of gradual evolution by natural causes. To those ardent souls who yearn for a dispensation of nobler aims and higher efforts—who see almost within their grasp the possibility of a regenerate social system, free from the curses which have haunted the past, and beset the present—to such Mr. Mill has no word of encouragement. It may be that at the end of another thousand years or so, some of the worst evils with which modern society is beset will be either eliminated or so modified that they will not make much trouble; and this is about all the consolation we are to be allowed. Well, as the poet says, it is better to have loved and lost than not to have loved at all; and so we will say for ourselves, that it is better to continue to hope and work for the incoming of new social conditions, even though they be a long time on the way, than to content ourselves with postponing to some future generation that which seems so nearly within the reach of our own.

TOBACCO REFORM IN THE O. C.

I.

Newspaper sketches of the Oneida Community seldom omit to mention that the use of tobacco is unknown among us. Was it always so? No. For the first five years of its existence the Community had its full quota of smokers and chewers. At the beginning of the sixth year five-eighths of the male adults, according to count, were wearing the chain, including the two Noyeses, Messrs. Burt, Miller, Hamilton, and other prominent members. We had spittoons in every public room, and tobacco was provided wholesale with our other stores of subsistence. Item: J. R. Miller, financial agent and steward, writes to Mr. Cragin, at Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1850, as follows: "We are suffering very much for the want of some good tobacco, and you would oblige us by going to No. 15 Atlantic St. and buying at least half a barrel, such as they use in the family at B., and send it up as soon as you can. If G. W. N. is there perhaps he will go with you, as we have great confidence in him as a man of good taste!" (Mr. C., by the way eschewed the weed.) But in the spring of '53 the chains suddenly fell off. The Community woke up one morning and found themselves free. This is a figure of speech, of course, but it is more literally true than may be supposed. They woke and slept and slept and woke about a month while the loosening was going on. It was not a deliverance from the habit simply, but from the appetite. They might have taken a pledge of abstinence one and all the same day, but for the whole lot to get rid of the appetite in a month was certainly sudden. The radical nature of the deliverance may be judged from the fact that there has never been the least tendency to slip back.

Home-Talks and letters of the period, and personal narratives written since, set forth this remarkable experience with more vividness and fidelity than any systematic account could do, and as it is an example of reform effected by spiritual and communistic instead of legal measures, we are inclined to present selections from these papers in a series of articles, beginning with the Home-Talk in which the subject of abolishing the use of tobacco in the Community was first agitated.

Mr. Noyes was then living at a branch Commune in Brooklyn, N. Y., where his evening discourses were reported in phonography for the benefit of the O. C. and three or four other Communes in different States.

The date of the Talk was March 27th, 1853. It was entirely unstudied in manner, given off-hand, as was his custom, and as a literary production would be improved by revision, but its effect was so powerful we prefer to let it go in the rough:

HOME-TALK BY MR. NOYES.

My attention is directed to this saying, "It is good that the heart be established with grace and not with meats." The whole world are establishing the heart with meats, or, in other words, seeking comfort from outward things that stimulate and soothe; and the two

great divisions of the world, heathendom and Christendom, has each its own method of doing this. Each has its own method of stimulating the flesh. This business has been going on in all ages, eating and drinking being the primary, universal method; but as the world has grown older, it has found ways and means of toning up the flesh more powerfully; and the two great methods of doing so without immediate ruin, which have been discovered, are by opium and tobacco, respectively belonging to heathendom and Christendom. As a choice of evils, tobacco, no doubt, is to be preferred. If tobacco had not been discovered it is probable that by this time all Christendom would have been using opium as Turkey and China are.

I have been suckled and bred in the spirit that seeks excitement from such things, as most of you have been. We are all more or less in bondage to the spirit that seeks to establish the heart by meats and not by grace. But the time must come when we shall rise out of this state without legality.

It is impressed upon my mind that the time has come for us to go into a thorough discussion in the Community of the subject of tobacco. And by standing as in the sight of God, as in the judgment, and letting the Spirit of Truth have free course in relation to it—not coming into legality on the one hand, nor restricting the course of the spirit of God on the other—we shall put ourselves in the true attitude. For my part, I shall from time to time broach the subject, give freedom of discussion, and, so far as I am concerned, deliver tobacco-slavery up to judgment. We are coming to a crisis that I have been looking for on this question, when the truth, not obligations of the law, shall make us free. I don't want to put any one upon a violent effort to get free from the use of tobacco; but I want every one to determine to let the Spirit of Truth instruct us in this matter, and to consult expediency and charity in a faithful way, before God, about it. It is one of the things that belong to the fashion of this world, and we may as well be trying to find the vent through which we are going to make our escape.

I think there is considerable credit due to those who do not use it, for keeping quiet and not judging those who do. The women have shown their patience and desire to accommodate themselves to things as they are, in a wonderful degree.

I see that, strictly speaking, this legality that applies the will for the purpose of improving the spirit and character, is a stimulus of much the same kind as tobacco, opium and ardent spirits. It is a method of stirring up and strengthening the nervous system without grace. Legal opposition to stimulants, and bondage to them, are both the same things. The law is effectual for awhile, but has to be repeated and reinforced, and is just as sure to fail at last as any other stimulus. I am charmed with Christ's treatment of the case as he shows me his mind. There is no harsh criticism at all in him. There is that in him which is heroic and helpful, and certain to give us moral power and to ask nothing from us any faster than it strengthens our hearts, and establishes our wills in the right way. Tobacco establishes the heart by stimulating the flesh and drowning the spirit. Christ's method is to stimulate the spirit till it overcomes and drowns the flesh. People need to have their hearts established in some way, and when they find that tobacco and rum will do it for a few minutes, they take to these things. Christ will not take them away without substituting something better. The sexual relation, for one thing, is destined to break up the enchantments of tobacco.

As a means of grace, what kind of an idea would it be to propose to all the Communities the experiment of a fast from tobacco for one day; i. e., for as many as feel free, for I would not have any law about it. Name a day, and let those that have power over their own wills put aside tobacco for one day, and give the time up to meditation on the subject. That might have a good effect, if it were a free-will offering. I think more will be done by a free-will offering of that kind than ever could be accomplished by legality. Appointing a fast to the Lord is a totally different thing from making solitary resolutions. There is no dependence upon will-works in the case; they will be abortive and ineffectual.

I would propose that the Communities contemplate as the hope of their calling the entire breaking up of this bondage. I am in no hurry about measures, but let us take this as our stint so that by faith we can see to the end. If we have a faith that sees to the end, we shall be warping up to it in some way or another. I am confident that the tobacco-devil, instead of leading us captive, is going to be itself led captive.

You will find that the imagination that makes you

want tobacco is not merely a natural imagination of your own mind; it is a positive, supernatural injection from a spirit which is always ready to fling evil imaginations into you; it is a positive action of the will of some one else. You may be never so well disposed to hold your mind perfectly thoughtless on the subject, but something flashes into you that makes you want it; it is the willful injection of some spirit. You have come into rapport with it so that it can at any time commit this rape upon you. You may be sure that your life is sucked by some evil spirit that has the benefit of your tobacco-chewing.

To come to something practical, I would recommend, first, that those who are free from tobacco should not contemplate using it, but keep themselves free. The use of it should be discouraged among those who have never begun. There should be no law put upon them, because that would tempt them to it. I would suggest it as a matter of expediency that they keep their freedom. They should see that we expect as a whole to get rid of it, and it will save them trouble not to form the habit. Secondly, I would recommend that all persons who have not come under bondage to it so far but that they can drop it without any quarrel with themselves, should drop it at once. In the third place, to those who are thoroughly imprisoned in the use of tobacco, I would recommend the experiment of a fast; say, for instance, next Sunday. Let us quit it for one day and give up our minds to reflection and attention to the Lord's mind about the matter.

COMMUNITY ITEMS.

ONEIDA.

—The fringe-like foliage of the white-birch trees on the lawn is exquisite this season.

—An awning has been put up near the upper flower-garden for the convenience of those who work there.

—If your family only numbers half-a-dozen you don't need many machines to do your work; but when you have to cook or wash for three hundred, it is quite a different affair. The steward has lately purchased a machine for slicing dried beef.

—The farmers, having been a number of times left in the lurch for water on account of disorders in pipes and force-pumps, determined to try for a well. They accordingly had one bored last week, near the barn, and were so lucky as to strike a good flow of water at a depth of twenty-six feet.

—Many years ago a Mr. Joseph Smith, under the inspiration of Robert Owen, started, in connection with a coöperative store, a coöperative school, for young and old, in Manchester, England. Smith was joined by James Rigby, a very talented and successful teacher. The school was held evenings; during the day, however, on Sundays, when people came a long way to attend it—twenty and even thirty miles in some cases—bringing their dinners with them, and sharing their pleasures—the studies, recitations and lectures. This school was the cradle of Coöperation in England. "Oh, the charm of those days!" says our informant and visitor, Mr. Robert Stevens, then a lad of fourteen, "they were the happiest of my life. The freshness, the unselfishness of that school, was beautiful!" Mr. Stevens has never forsaken his first love. For nearly fifty years, in small ways, in large ways, in all ways that offered, he has been an active Coöperative.

—Here are a couple of extracts from letters received from persons wishing to join. The first is from a Dane: "I have read in a paper a treatise on your Association, and although it was written in some way to blame you, I got a presentiment that it was not so; and I ardently wish to be among people who love each other without despising the less favored. It is not laziness that makes me come to you, as I can very well earn my living, but the unkindness of the worldly people who are weighing every word to make only money of it. How it may be, I beg you to write an answer to my comfort." The second is from a woman in Michigan, who speaks a good word for her husband: "We are desirous of offering ourselves as candidates for membership of a true Bible Communistic society. My husband is a good worker, and he is strictly temperate in every sense. He never used tobacco in any form, nor liquor of any kind; he never had any of those bad habits in all his life. He is amiable, sincere and honest, and as for myself—well, I guess I will do."

—Mrs. Susan F. Underwood—a lady in her eighty-first year—died about two months ago. She joined the Community at the age of sixty-five, and, although the transition from the cares of the private household to the varied interests of the large Communal home is a very

great one, she adapted herself to the change with marked ease and grace. She reared her six children to manhood and womanhood, and after seeing them settled in life she laid aside the cares of wife and mother to become a child again in our Communistic school. She was a woman of keen intelligence and broad sympathies, winning many friends. She was one of those persons whose lives are marked by wonderful instances of direct answer to prayer. Many times when under the power of disease her strong faith seemed to attract immediate relief from divine sources. Several years ago she was afflicted with a cough which was so severe and so incessant that her friends feared that she would be unable to long endure it. One night an inspiration to pray came upon her. Her mind was greatly exercised, and she besought God to take away her cough. He did it; immediately it was gone. Her cough had been so continuous that it was with great difficulty that she stopped long enough to take necessary nourishment; and now she did not cough at all, but rested well that night and soon recovered. Among other interesting qualities, she possessed the natural gift of mediumship in quite a rare degree. Although not regularly developed by circle-sitting the following article, which appeared in the London *Spiritualist* of Dec. 6, 1878, detailing some of the phenomena observed by her, reads quite as well as such descriptions average:

AN OLD WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"SIR:—Your experience ought to be given to the public; friends have long persisted; but I confess to feelings of delicacy and reluctance in undertaking to set it forth. I was eighty last July. What I am to relate took place one summer twenty years ago.

"I had been in failing health through the winter—could not tell what was the matter—supposed it was an old complaint. What I first noticed as peculiar was the moving of my hands without my volition. They were thrown over my head in a singular way, and made to pass over my weak eyes again and again. These exercises were quite violent in the morning before I got up, causing the bed and floor to vibrate. I was able to be about the house at the time; but the movements soon became so rough and uncontrollable that I was obliged, in order to escape observation and not alarm persons going by, to betake myself to another building farther from the road, where I was shaken and made to jump up and down in a most astonishing manner.

"At this point I became much concerned, and prayed earnestly to be released from the influence which had me in hand, or that I in some way might be made to know what I was wanted to do. I knew little about Spiritualism—never had been to a circle; indeed, the little I had learned had made me quite distrustful concerning it; but believing I was under the control of an intelligent power, I entreated to be given some clue to its character and purpose, and finally inquired mentally, if it would not make my hand strike my breast three times for 'Yes,' and carry it in the opposite direction once for 'No?' I thought if it could use my limbs so freely, in spite of my resistance, it might go further, and use them in a way to indicate its wishes. In an instant came a response. My hand struck my breast three times with great rapidity. 'Do you want me to write?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply. I took a slate and went upstairs, without letting any one know what was going on. My hand wrote these two words, 'George Combe.' That was all. To this chamber I afterward retired whenever I was violently shaken, but for some time nothing appeared on the slate but George Combe! George Combe! George Combe! I well remember how the name looked, and the peculiar form of the capital G.*

"After a few days my hand began to write other names—names that were familiar—family names for the most part, but I kept everything secret. Even my two grown-up daughters living with me knew nothing about the matter at this time, except the shaking given me before rising in the morning. I wanted to reach some good result, if possible, or at least something reasonably satisfactory, so that I should not be laughed at when I came to tell the story. But I was growing weaker and weaker every day. My hand moved so rapidly when writing on the slate that considerable noise was made, and when I became so reduced that I was obliged to remain in bed, I asked—still wishing to keep the matter private—to have my hand moved quietly, and, finally, to have the letters traced on the counterpane. This was done, and after a time I read the characters thus outlined as easily as when written on the slate.

"One day, toward evening, my fingers slowly traced these words: 'Now you must do just as we tell you. Lie on your back, and press your feet firmly against the footboard.' A short time before I had been made to tie two corners of a shawl together and loop it over one of the posts at the foot of the bed, and now I was directed to rise occasionally to a sitting position, to take hold of the shawl and pull with all

*I afterward learned that I was made to write this name "George Combe" in order that I might identify my control—the spirit of Doctor N. He was our family physician many years before. While acting in that capacity he prevailed upon me to read Combe's "Constitution of Man," a work in which he was deeply interested.

my strength, at the same time pressing against the footboard with my feet. I labored in this way during the entire night, though hard to believe any good would come of it. Once I bantered the control, who responded, 'You are going to have something, and must do just as we tell you.' The control always wrote 'we,' as though he were the mouthpiece of a committee or council. I toiled on.

"At daybreak something within me gave way. I was suddenly relieved. The bed was drenched with water. I tried to get out of bed, and succeeded. I was very weak, but managed to drag myself to a lounge near by, and then lost consciousness. My hands and feet became cold, and the heart apparently ceased to beat. My husband was with me; but he slept profoundly during the greater part of the night. He was aroused, however, early in the morning, and called the girls when I fainted on the lounge. As soon as I came to, indeed I had hardly reached a sense of external realities, when I was soundly belabored by my own unwilling hands. My life thus importuned returned in larger measure; but the black-and-blue spots on my breast—the records of that beating—remained for many weeks. At length I was helped into bed, and I did not leave it again—this was the eleventh of July—until September.

"The girls insisted, against my wishes and instincts, on having medical attendance, and as it happened that a doctor with whom we were well acquainted came riding down the road while the matter was under consideration, it was thought best to ask him in. He advised stimulants, called again the next day, but being an honest man as well as a good doctor, came no more thereafter. He told a neighbor—the girls were informed—that he was not going to run up a bill there, for she could not get well anyway.

"The voluntary abandonment by the doctor was a providential indication to my mind that I should look in another direction. But we were in the midst of relatives, who soon learned the condition I was in, and came flocking to see me once more. 'You must have a doctor,' they said; 'while there is life there is hope. There is old Doctor P——, try him.' I was overruled, but referred the matter to my invisible counselors. They demurred at first, but finally acquiesced. 'If we can handle his pill-bags,' was traced on the counterpane, 'we will allow him to come.' This doctor was noted for giving overdoses. His professional experience, however, was large; it reached back forty years, and his practice was still extensive. He understood the liabilities of his patients of that day, having doctored their fathers and mothers. He was called to my bedside. 'No,' he replied, in answer to my inquiry, 'I remember only one case of sickness like yours in my experience.' This was the third day after that memorable night. The watery discharges continued. I was growing emaciated, had no appetite, ate a very little porridge the first day or two, after which my stomach would retain nothing. Dr. P—— wanted me to eat, notwithstanding, and the relatives who kept coming said, 'Now you will certainly die if you don't eat.' Then my fingers traced, 'Don't you mind what they say. You are not going to die now; we will take you through if you will listen to us, and do just as we tell you.' But I kept sinking—sinking.

"At length my hand and arm became too weak to trace letters on the counterpane. These were the last words thus formed: 'We cannot use your hand in your present state, but are not going to desert you. We can read your thoughts, and you can now hear what we say. Henceforth we will converse in this manner.' I soon learned this was true. I could hear invisible beings talk—not through the natural ear; the voices seemed like echoes in the top of my head. Such a sense of protection, such a feeling of thankfulness as I then had! I could speak only in a faint whisper, so was obliged to hold my gratitude in my heart. Had I been strong, how I could have poured it out! I listened. 'Now you ask the doctor to get some oxide of iron and wine.' Oxide of iron! I had never before heard of that medicine. 'Ask him if he doesn't think it would be good for you.' He was then sitting close by the bedside, watching me. I gave him a glance, and he leaned over and put his ear close to my lips in order to catch my words. 'Yes,' he slowly replied, with a puzzled look, 'I guess it would.' Again the voice, 'Tell him it had better be old wine, and ask him if he hasn't some in his cellar.' Again his curious look before his slow reply, 'No, but I will get some old port wine.'

"The next day the medicine was ready, and the doctor, true to his good fame, administered a big dose—double the amount I should have taken. I was made dizzy and sick by it, and told him he had given me too much; it had made me drunk. 'Well, never mind,' he replied soothingly, 'I won't say anything about it.' I was too weak to take any the second day, but the voice said, 'We will tell you how much to take, and when to take it.' This was the way the medicine-giving was afterward managed, except when the doctor attended to it himself. For several days this mixture was all that passed my lips. It was both food and medicine. At length there was a change. I heard my mentor say, 'Now make the doctor get you some Jesuit's bark, and be sure and get the right kind, the kind that is rough like a goat's beard.' A strange kind of bark, I thought, and when I whispered these words into the doctor's ear he looked into my face a long time

before speaking. 'I know what you mean,' he finally said, 'but that kind is not in the market now. It is called Peruvian bark these days.' He procured the best he could find, he told me, and it was regularly given to me, alternating with the wine.

"About this time I began to take sage tea, without sugar or cream. The voice said, 'You may take two tea-spoonfuls five or six times a day.' This, with the wine and Peruvian bark on alternate days, was all that I swallowed during six weeks—the pint of wine, the quantity the doctor procured, just lasting me through this period. I became very weak—so weak I could not raise my hand to my head; but was many times uplifted and sustained in a sitting position by invisible hands. 'It will do your head good to sit up,' I was told, 'and we will mesmerise it.'

"Baths were given me from time to time by their direction—a mild form of bath, of course, but of much importance in their estimation. On one occasion the need was very urgent. 'You are suffering for a hand bath. Get your daughter at once to give you one!' were the words that broke into the chambers of my brain. One daughter was away teaching school, one was busy preparing dinner—no one else in the house at the time. I could see her occasionally flit by the doorway. She caught my beckoning gesture, and came to the bedside. O! yes; she would give me one without delay. Dinner could wait. A towel and some tepid water were brought; then giving me a little lift, which placed me in the grasp of other hands, her own were left free to apply the water, and to wipe and rub my body to the satisfaction of all concerned. The bed was then lightened up, and I was again laid upon my pillow much refreshed.

"One day when I was very, very low, the doctor sitting by the bedside, and my eyes and attention centering on him, with what startling distinctness did I hear the injunction, 'Lean toward us, and not toward the fore side of the bed! That way is the world and death! This way is life.' My attention was at once turned into another channel; I was made to lean the other way, and firmly held in that position, supported, I know not how, but by something that seemed as unyielding as marble, and yet as soft as wool.

"Yes, I was quite despondent at times, almost despairing and ready to give up the struggle, so slender was my hold on life. Then it was that my invisible friends began to divert and amuse me. I was told little incidents of a humorous character that occurred in my early years. So vividly were they brought to mind that I laughed and laughed, while hovering on the verge of the other world. Here is one of the many that lured me out of the gloom: 'Do you remember, Susan,' the voice began, 'that little affair with Abel Davis, the lad who used to shine around you at about the time you entered your teens? how he went up to your father's one day, and staid around there, waiting till school should be out; and your father being busy asked him, when it was time, to take the bay horse and ride up to the school-house and bring you home? There had been a fall of snow, you remember. Abel could not have been told to do a nicer thing, could he? O, he was cranky when he set out! He told your brother Jesse, By-and-by you'll see me come riding back here, with Susan on behind! But pride must have a fall, ha! ha! You wouldn't ride with him after all, you know, but made your brother Ezra ride front in his place, while he, poor fellow, could do no better than trudge along behind you, in the path made by the horse. Your folks were immensely tickled. Father said, Well, Susan, you have mittened Abel, have you?' How I laughed over this reminiscence. It seemed but a short time, so perfectly was I transported to those days, when the circumstance happened. So story succeeded story, enough to fill a volume, all droll and jubilant; and in this way the tide was turned. I began to improve, grew stronger day by day, was carried over that gulf of torment, sleeplessness, lasting nearly two weeks, after which all things seemed to bear me healthward.

"I have told but a little of my experience, after all; I have only touched upon the most striking passages. Very many details and explanations now thronging my mind with more or less persistence might be added; but perhaps this will do. The friends whom I did not see, but whom I felt and heard, were faithful and true. When I recall their blessed ministrations, I am thrilled with gratitude and joy. I thank God for sending them on their errands of mercy. They did more than heal my body; they brightened my faith. They made the spirit-world so real to my unbelieving heart, that not a doubt has since clouded its immortal skies."

SOUTHERN ICE MANUFACTURE.

Few people have a correct notion of the extent to which artificial ice is being manufactured in the South. The success of the process employed has been so marked that from Florida to Texas the machines are being put in operation at frequent intervals. The actual cost of manufacturing ice on the St. John's River is said to be but seventy cents a ton, including the storage and delivery. As Northern ice used to retail at from ten to fifteen dollars a ton there, it is plain that a handsome profit remains for the manufacturer after putting his price so low as to drive all natural competition from the

market. One of the "Arctic" machines, in which ammonia is used to do the freezing, turns out ten tons of ice daily, in the form of blocks, about two and a half feet long and ten inches in thickness. The congelation is perfect, and many are said to prefer ice thus made to that formed in the laboratory of nature.

—N. Y. Com. Bulletin.

SPIRITUALISTIC NOTES.

William Lloyd Garrison, in his later years, became a Spiritualist.

Rev. Treadwell Walden, an Episcopal clergyman and litterateur, predicts that the day is coming when practically time and space will be annihilated, and all the human races will live together on this little earth as one family. To this end he regards the Atlantic cable, the telephone and phonograph as great steps in advance. Other wonderful inventions will follow, and then the destiny of man will be accomplished.—*Religio-Phil. Jour.*

Mr. Kiddle, the author of "Spiritual Communications," has resigned his position as Superintendent of the Public Schools of New York City—the resignation to take effect September 1st. The Board of Education, in accepting his resignation, unanimously adopted resolutions commending Mr. Kiddle's "sound sense and discretion, his power of clear and accurate statement, his learning in his profession, his capacity for detail united to large administrative ability, his enthusiasm for sound instruction, strict discipline and all moral, liberal and wholesome influences in the school-life of teachers and pupils, his patience and industry." Mr. Kiddle has been Superintendent since 1870, and for twenty-five years previously had discharged the functions of Assistant Superintendent or Principal.

Sir John Hersche, in his scientific lectures, says: "I had been witnessing the demolition of a structure familiar to me from childhood, and with which many interesting associations were connected; a demolition not unattended with danger to the workmen employed, about whom I had felt very uncomfortable. It happened to me at the approach of evening—while, however, there was yet a pretty good light—to pass near where, the day before, it had stood. Great was my amazement to see it still standing, projected against the dull sky. Being perfectly aware that it was a mere nervous impression, I walked on—keeping my eyes directed to it—and the perspective of this form and this disposition of the parts appeared to change, with the change of the point of vision, as they would have done if the structure had been real."

Mr. Kiddle's book on Spiritualism continues to be commented on by the press. The book, whatever its intrinsic merits, has served the purpose of developing the fact that there is a vast amount of shallow and bigoted thinking and feeling against Spiritualism in the ranks of popular journalism, both religious and secular. Most of the spirit communications which appear in Mr. Kiddle's book, and even the miscellaneous and often very puerile ones that are printed in the Message Departments of the Spiritualistic papers, are refreshing reading beside the diatribes of the average journalist and sectarian against Spiritualism. Our old editor-friend Meeker, associate of Horace Greeley, used to say that some of the great daily papers, had, in addition to their regular outfit of editors, a "trundle-bed corps," which was responsible for the bulky freight of chaff with which the daily editions were sometimes loaded. It is possible that this fact may account for the quality of the wisdom recently manifested in their discussion of Spiritualism, and of Mr. Kiddle's case in particular.

A. S. Hayward writes: "John R. Rowland, of Oneida, N. Y., has of late been in Boston. His visit to this city was for the purpose of finding out what power was at work upon him independent of his own will and desire. Mr. R. came to this country from Wales, Eng., about fourteen years ago. He related to me one of his experiences, to which I give publicity as evidence of the truth of the assertion, so frequently made by psychological students and investigators, that spirits while in the material body do travel independently of that physical body. Mr. R. stated that while he was quietly resting in the daytime his spirit visited his home in Wales; and on his approach to his house he tried to manifest himself as desiring admittance, but was not recognized by the inmates of the dwelling. He said that like thought he then passed through the door as readily as though there had been no material obstruction, and found his mother, brother, and a lady, who was a stranger to him, in the room he entered. He said their forms and features were clear and distinct, and he could hear their conversation, but none of them seemed to recognize him or to be aware of his presence. The stranger asked his mother when she had heard from John last (meaning Mr. R.). The mother replied that she had received no tidings for some time, but she had sent him a letter day before yesterday. When Mr. R. came out of his peculiar state his visit at his home was as real to him as though he had been there in the material body and had just returned. He took out his memorandum book and recorded the date and the statement of his mother, and waited anxiously for the mail to bring the described letter, which came

in due time, the date of this letter comparing correctly with the time given by his mother in his visit; the letter also spoke of his brother as having been married, and that his wife was stopping with them for a few days, thus accounting for the stranger as seen by him."—*Banner of Light*.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

The Afghan treaty is signed at last. Good thing for the British.

When you go away and die we'll call you a *non est* person. Not till then.

Grant will leave Japan about the last of June, and reach San Francisco somewhere near the 20th of July.

The Greenbackers in Congress have come to the conclusion that they won't gain anything by coalescing with the Democrats.

Mount Ætna is pouring out the contents of his melting-pot. He puffs and blows fearfully and makes everybody stand round.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan," the sinewy farmer just skim-plows the sile, and never thinks of stirring up the "hard-pan."

The Republicans of Ohio have nominated a Hayes man, Ex-Congressman Charles Foster, as their candidate for Governor. Their platform is sufficiently "stalwart."

Surveys are now making in New York City with a view to introducing the subterranean telegraph system and removing nine-tenths of the 16,000 telegraph poles which now disfigure the streets.

Mr. Beecher runs with the New York Thirteenth, of Brooklyn; went up to Montreal to be at the celebration of the Queen's birthday on the 24th ult. It all helps to make a good feeling between the countries.

France and England are going to have Egypt farmed so as to make it pay the interest on its indebtedness. The former government begins to talk about deposing the Khedive and having somebody less obstructive in his place.

The names of Mr. Garrison's children, in the order of their birth, are as follows: George Thompson, William Lloyd, Wendell Phillips, Fanny (wife of Mr. Henry Villard, at whose house the father died), and Francis Jackson.

There has been a naval engagement between the Chilians and the Peruvians, in which the former had one wooden vessel sunk, and the latter blew up and sunk their great iron-clad Esmeralda, which had become disabled.

The sale of the 10-certificates has been stopped at the East, partly to keep them out of the hands of the speculators, and partly to give the Western people a better chance to buy. Over \$5,000,000 sold in New York City and Philadelphia.

Russia is going to send a man to this country to see what we know about making telescopes. If his observations are satisfactory some American optician will get the contract for making an object-glass between 30 and 36 inches in diameter for the Pultowa Observatory.

Now is the time when all these fellows who propose to outrun, outrow, outbat, outbowl, and outsweat somebody else, will come forward and demand our attention whether or not. The more deadly games of securing influence, getting all the money, and winning the finest women, go on all the time—quietly, without postponement, tragically.

The Royal Academy has made a mistake and bought an American picture under the Chantrey bequest for the encouragement of British Art, and now it is considering how to cancel the bargain. The picture has merit enough, but Mr. Parton, the painter, is at best only a resident of London.

Lord Chelmsford, having in some degree retrieved his fortunes in South Africa, will now stand a little one side and give place to Sir Garnet Wolseley, who has for some time been fighting the fever and ague in Cyprus. Sir Bartle Frère subsides into Cape Colony, and Wolseley will take Natal, Transvaal and Zululand, as civil commissioner and military commander.

The Catholic Prelates of the United States will endeavor to lift the burden of indebtedness resting on Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. They have issued an address to the faithful, and it has been adopted by Cardinal McCloskey. The liabilities of the Archbishop are \$3,697,651.49. Assets good, doubtful and worthless, \$1,181,569.28. Hope to settle for fifty cents on a dollar.

Lincoln was a firm believer in the Exodus of the negroes. In 1862, before his emancipation proclamation, he said to a delegation of colored folks: "The education of the Southern people has been such that the master and slave will never be able to live in peace and harmony, except as such. You must emigrate, you must colonize; it is your only hope for freedom, peace and happiness."

The Swedish arctic expedition, which left Gothenburg early last summer under Prof. Nordenskiöld, in the steamship *Vega*, has reported itself in Behring's Straits. When last heard from, Aug. 27, the *Vega* had reached the mouth of the Lena and was ice-bound not far from Wrangell Land. She will go home by the way of the Suez Canal. The news

will have some effect on Mr. Bennett's expedition, which was going partly to hunt up the *Vega*, we believe.

A life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M. A., the very eccentric Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, England, has been lately published. One of his strange beliefs was that "there was an atmosphere which surrounded men, imperceptible to the senses, which was the vehicle of spirit in which angels and devils moved, and which vibrated with spiritual influences affecting the soul." A patient, hard-working philanthropist, notwithstanding his many eccentricities and superstitions.

General Garfield shows in the *North American Review* that the expenditures of the Federal Government have decreased by more than one-half in twelve years; namely, from \$520,000,000 in 1866 to \$247,000,000 in 1878. The year 1878 was, the General affirms, the turning-point from which, under the influence of normal growth, we may expect a constant, though it ought to be a small, annual increase of expenditures. The Democrats, with all their talk of economy, are really piling up the expenses considerably faster than "slowly and gradually."

The code makers have been busy getting up a body of laws to protect all sorts of minorities in Roumelia; meantime the Moslems have been quietly taking themselves out of that ticklish place, and at the present time there are comparatively few of them left. It had been a serious question whether the new governor would wear a hat or the hated Turkish fez. The Bulgarian element keeps up a sort of military organization under the guise of gymnastic clubs. The new governor has entered Phillipolis as a Bulgarian rather than as a Turkish ruler. He wore the hat.

General Thomas W. Conway, of New Jersey, and the Rev. John Turner, of St. Louis, have been to the President and represented to him that there are crowds of negroes all along the Lower Mississippi waiting for transportation North, and that the steamboat captains dare not take them. The question was whether the President would protect a steamer chartered to bring away the fugitives. It would be a lawful undertaking, and there could be but one opinion as to what the President's duty would be. The proposal to send such a steamer has excited the Southwestern politicians greatly.

Mr. Blaine has been pacifying the South some more by comparing the votes of Northern and Southern Congressional districts. He says that 177 Northern districts each cast over 20,000 votes. Of the remaining nine Northern districts all except two cast over 16,000 votes. In the South only 33 districts cast over 20,000 votes, while the remaining 73 Southern districts averaged less than 15,000. Several of them giving below 8,000, one as low as 2,600. These figures look very much as if the elections were not very free down South. No wonder they think of removing all such obstructions as the Federal troops and effective United States' supervision.

You have, perhaps, noticed that inspired folks and poets have a way of glimpsing most everything, and that the scientists have to come lumbering along behind with their experiments and demonstrations. "To Harvey, by universal consent," says a writer in the Contributors' Club (June *Atlantic*), "is attributed the discovery of the circulation of the blood. He first gave public, authoritative utterance to his views in 1620; and yet we find that as early as 1607 another, and a greater than he, outlined the same fact:

Brutus (to Portia, in Julius Caesar, Act ii, Scene I):

You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

The Yellow Fever bill passed the Senate by a vote of 34 to 12—the same day with the Legislative Appropriation Bill. This bill practically supersedes State quarantine, internal and external, and invests the National Board of Health, subject to the President's approval, with extraordinary powers of supervision and regulation for the sanitary defense of the country. It is an invasion of State rights which the Southern Democrats make precious little objection to. The great Republicans, Edmunds, Hoar and Conkling, were opposed to it. "The noes," says the *Nation*, "were mainly Republican, and this gives point to what is really a fresh illustration of the irresistible tendency of the country to centralization, one party assisting in it (however illogically), whether the other will or not."

Colonel Higginson, who had personal knowledge of Henry D. Thoreau, corrects some of the impressions which have gone abroad concerning the poet-naturalist. Mr. Higginson says that as a companion he was essentially sincere, wholesome and enjoyable. Though more or less a humorist, nursing his own whims, and capable of becoming tiresome when they came uppermost, he was easily led away from them to the vast domains of literature and nature, and then poured forth endless streams of the most interesting talk. His home-life was thoroughly affectionate and faithful—he never made his whims an excuse for mere selfishness. His lifelong celibacy, the Colonel says, was due to the noblest unselfishness—an early act of lofty self-abnegation toward his own brother, whose love had taken the same direction as his own. This last is a fact in Thoreau's life not before in print.

Scribner for June begins the publication of a series of old letters from Madame Betsey Patterson Bonaparte to her father when she was flitting about Europe. Their preservation is one of the curiosities of literature. "In this correspondence," says Eugene L. Didier, "the three predominant traits of Madame's life are revealed in astonishing distinctness; her ambition, her maternal devotion, and her love of money. Her letters display an amazing knowledge of the world, a keen analysis of men's motives, and an eager pursuit of worldly honors. This Baltimore girl, married at eighteen and deserted at twenty, seems to have possessed the *savoir vivre* of Chesterfield, the cold cynicism of Rochefoucauld, and the practical economy of Franklin. She always addressed her father as 'Dear Sir,' and shows no affection for any person except her son."

The International Congress of Engineers, which has been holding in Paris for the purpose of deciding on a route for an Inter-oceanic Canal, has chosen what is called the Panama-Aspinwall route—a canal and tunnel with only a sea-lock at each end. This decision met with very little opposition. We shall see how it affects the capitalists. Some figures showing how much such a canal would pay on the investment will be more decisive than the settlement of any questions of mere engineering. The Panama railway thinks it has the exclusive right of taking stuff and passengers across the Isthmus. Its capital stock of \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 will have to be bought before a concession for a canal can be had. The Panama-Aspinwall route was the favorite of the French, and their feelings had much to do with its selection. Cost of construction, \$240,000,000: Time, twelve years; when they will begin nobody knows.

A "trustworthy" St. Petersburg merchant writes to a prominent New York house, to counteract the unfavorable reports which begin to affect the foreign credits of his country: "I will just express in a few words the new and the only orders" that have been issued by the Government. "First, That no person is allowed to carry arms or to keep the same without special permit. Second, That a porter should be at the door of each house day and night, so as to see the people passing in and out of the house. Third, That all political criminals will be tried by court-martial until the agitators have been suppressed. All other statements are false and do not contain a word of truth. The best proof of it is this, that our business at the present time and for the last two weeks is better than we have ever had it until now, and exchange would also be better if it were not for these false reports respecting it. There is just as much life as there always was on the streets, and no particular attention is paid to these new rules."

In the *Atlantic* for June Richard Grant White gives us his story of "A Sunday on the Thames." Of his route to the river's bank he says, "I walked across the lower end of St. James's Park, passing over much the same ground that King Charles trod on that 30th of January, when, in the midst of a regiment of Cromwell's Ironsides, but attended personally by his own private guard and his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and with the Parliamentary colonel in command walking uncovered by his side, he went to lay down his handsome, weak, treacherous head upon the block before the outraged Commonwealth of England—an event which, notwithstanding the Restoration and the subsequent two centuries of monarchy in England, is the greatest and most significant of modern times, and is also of all grand, retributive public actions the most thoroughly and characteristically English. Tyrants have been put to death or driven from their thrones at other times and by other peoples; but then for the first time, and first by men of English blood and speech, was a tyrant solemnly and formally tried like an accused criminal, condemned as a criminal, and put to death in execution of a warrant issuing from a court constituted by the highest power in the land. Compared with this high-handed justice the assassination of a Caesar is like a brawl among 'high-toned' politicians, and the expulsion of the Bourbons the chance consequence of a great popular tumult. And in this was its endless worth and its significance—that from that time there was a new tenure of kingship. Then for the first time the great law of government was written—that it should be for the best interests of the governed; and it was written in the blood of a king. This was the one boon of that great act to England, to the English race, to all civilized Christendom; for politically the beheading of Charles was a blunder; and the Commonwealth, after living an artificial life for a few years, died an inevitable death, because it was born out of due time."

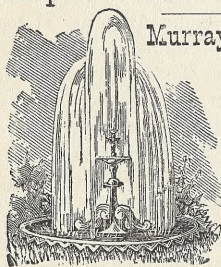
The President vetoed the Legislative Appropriation bill promptly and effectively, and the House refused to pass it over the veto by a vote of 112 to 91. The political legislation attached to the bills repealed "all laws and parts of laws authorizing the appointment of chief supervisor of elections, special deputy marshals of elections, or general deputy marshals at elections having any duties to perform in respect to any election," and provided for the appointment of two supervisors to remain at the polls until every vote has been counted, "but they will have no authority to make arrests or to perform other duties than to be in the presence of the officers holding elections, and to witness all proceedings, including the counting the votes and the making of a return thereof."

They cannot "personally scrutinize, count and canvass each ballot" as the existing statutes allow the Federal officers to do. The President points out that it is the destruction of Federal authority which is aimed at. He meets the argument that the existing statutes are unconstitutional, and that they are a violation of State rights. He makes an uncontrovertible plea for the expediency of such Federal supervision of Congressional elections by referring to the experience of New York City. He says substantially: At one election before the present laws were passed a committee of Congress reported that 108 votes were cast for every 100 persons actually qualified to vote; and for every 88 persons who actually did vote. If such frauds could be repeated with impunity free government would be impossible. "The framers of these laws," says he, "have not been disappointed in their results." Then he shrewdly quotes from the records of a Democratic Committee of the XLIVth Congress appointed to report on the New York election of 1876: "The committee would commend to other portions of the country and to other cities this remarkable system developed through the agency of both local and Federal authorities, acting in harmony for an honest purpose. In no portion of the world, and in no era of time where there has been an expression of the popular will through the forms of law, has there been a more complete and thorough illustration of Republican institutions. Whatever may have been the previous habit or conduct of elections in those cities, or howsoever they may conduct themselves in the future, this election of 1876 will stand as a monument of what good faith, honest endeavor, legal forms and just authority may do for the protection of the electoral franchise."

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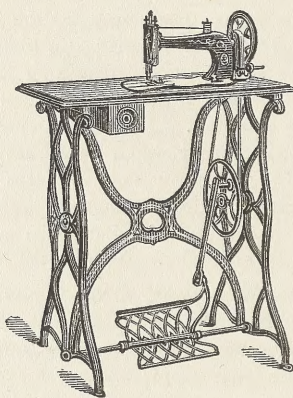
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